

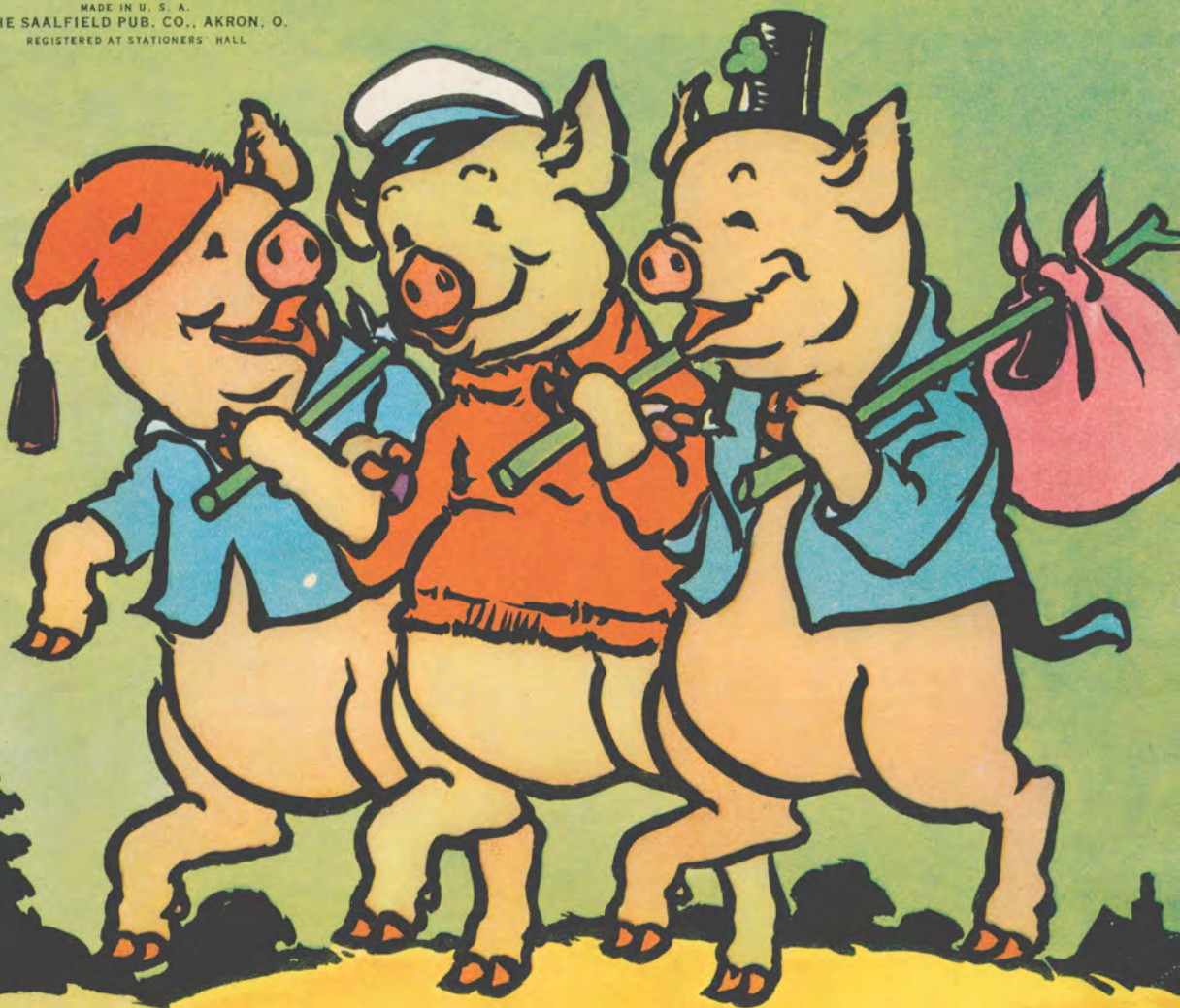
THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

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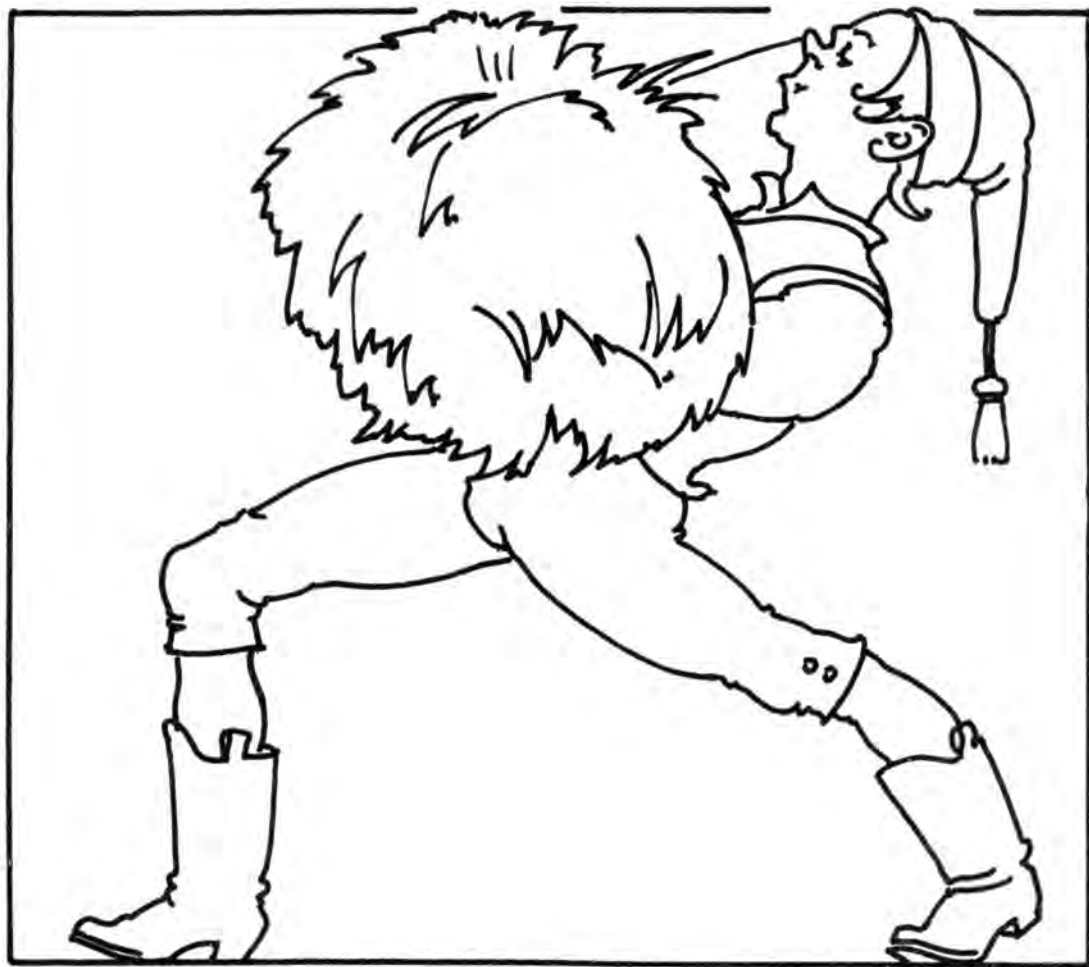
WALLY
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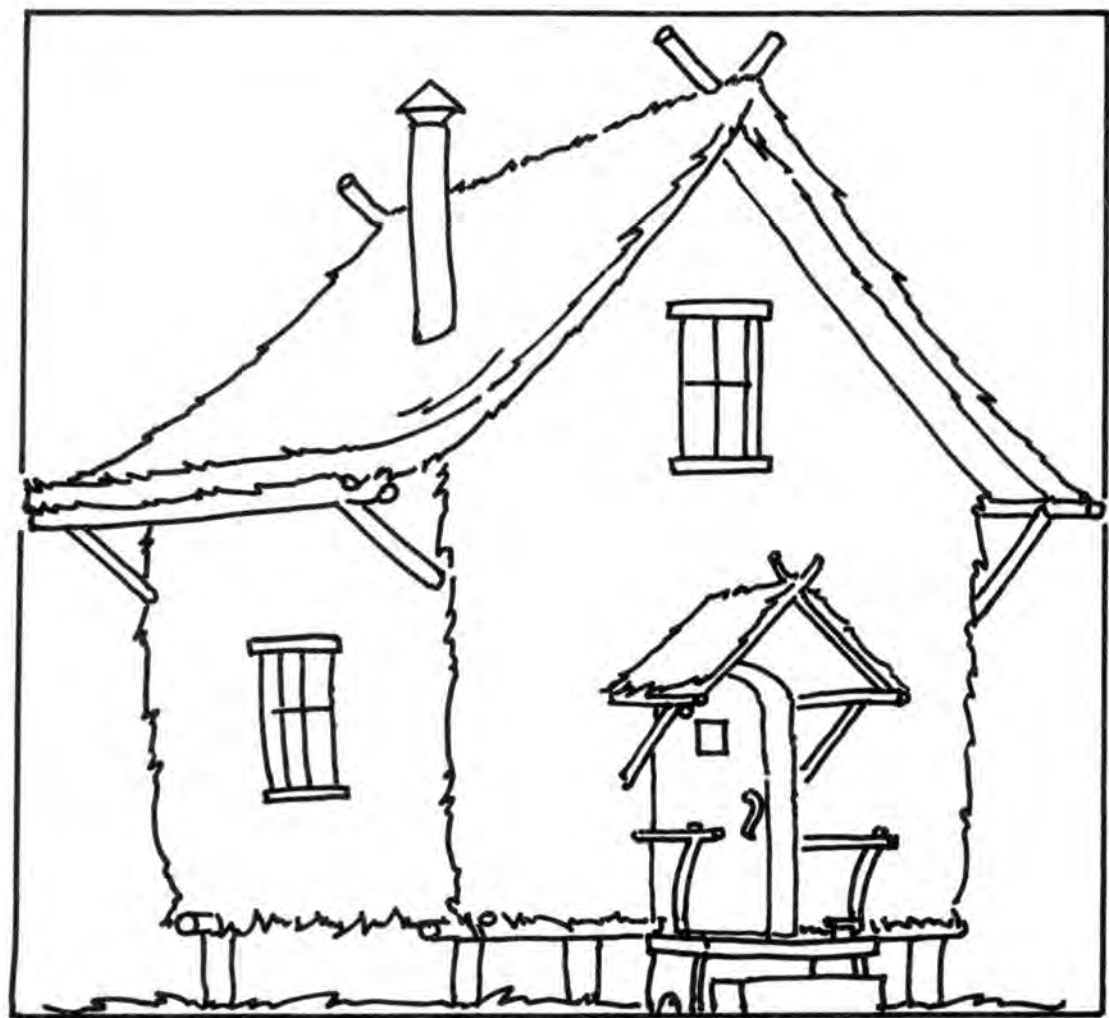


The Three Little Pigs

ONCE there was an old mother pig who had three little pigs. She found she did not have enough to keep them, so she sent them out into the world to seek their fortunes.

The first little pig had not gone far when he met a man with a bundle of straw. The little pig said to him: "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."





This the man did, and soon the little pig had built a house with it.

Just after the house was built, along came a wolf. He knocked at the door of the little pig's house and said:

“Little pig, little pig,
Let me come in!”

But the little pig answered:

“No! No!

Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!”

Then the wolf said:

“I'll huff,
And I'll puff,
And I'll *blow* your house in!”

So he huffed,

and he puffed,

and he huffed,

and he *puffed*,

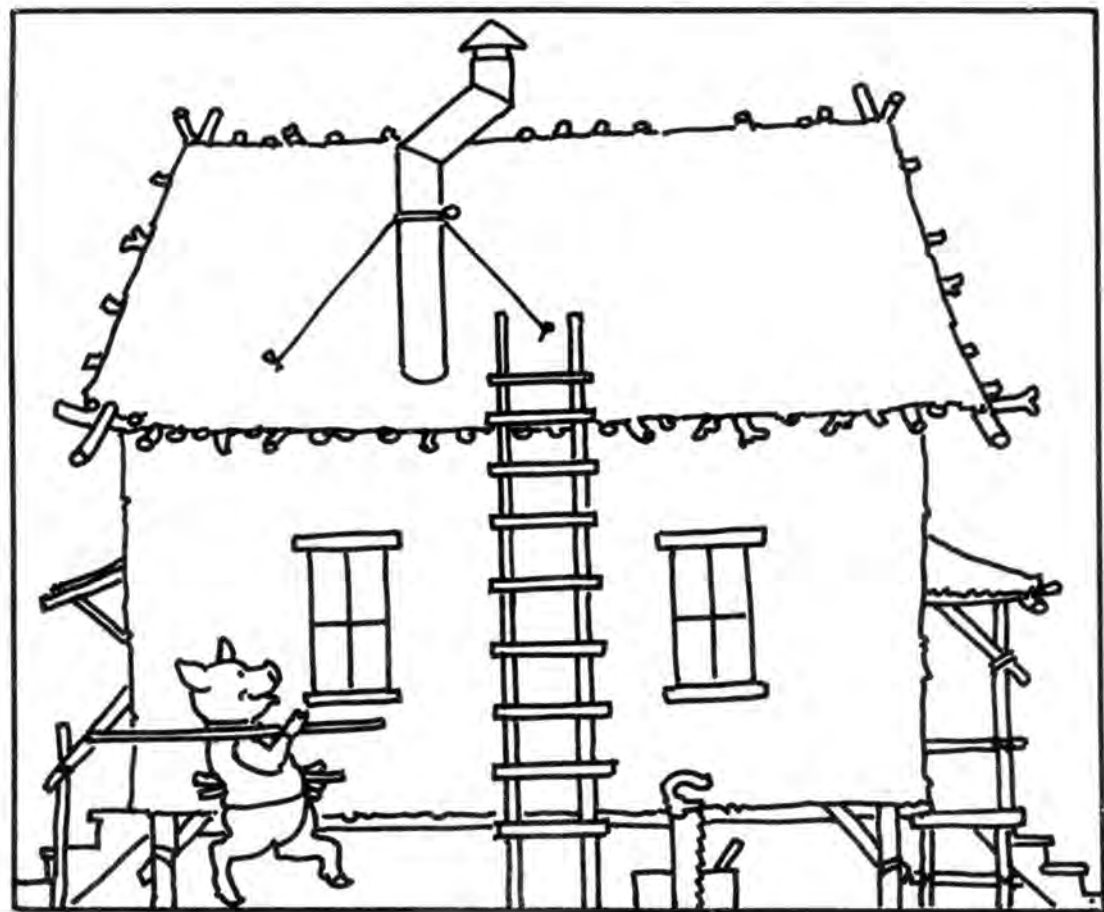
and at last he *b-l-e-w* the house in—and

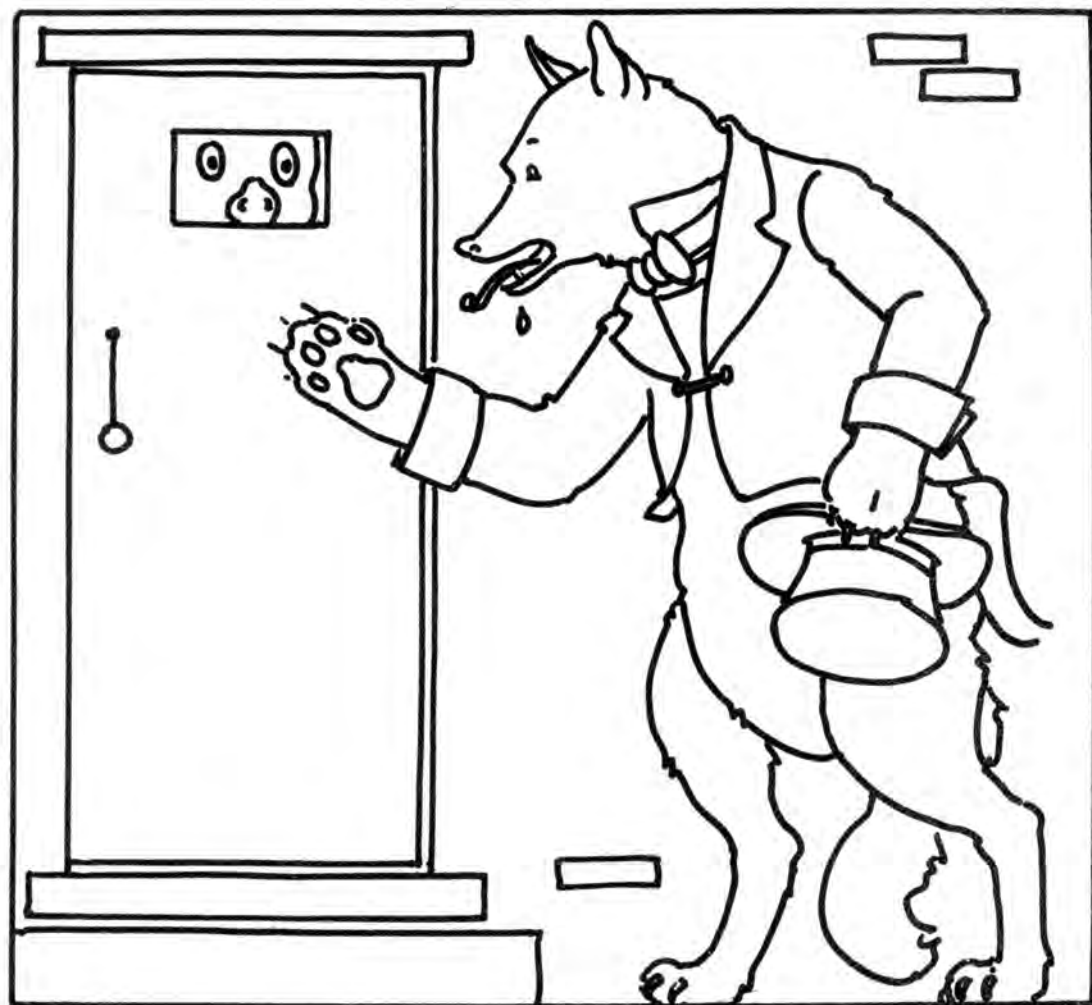
ate up that little pig.



The second little pig met a man with a bundle of sticks. The little pig said to him: "Please, man, give me those sticks to build me a house."

This the man did, and soon the little pig had built a house with them.





Just after the house was built, along came the wolf. He knocked at the little pig's door and said:

“Little pig, little pig,
Let me come in!”

But the little pig answered:

“No! No!

Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!”

Then the wolf said:

“I’ll huff,

And I’ll puff,

And I’ll *blow* your house in!”

So he huffed,

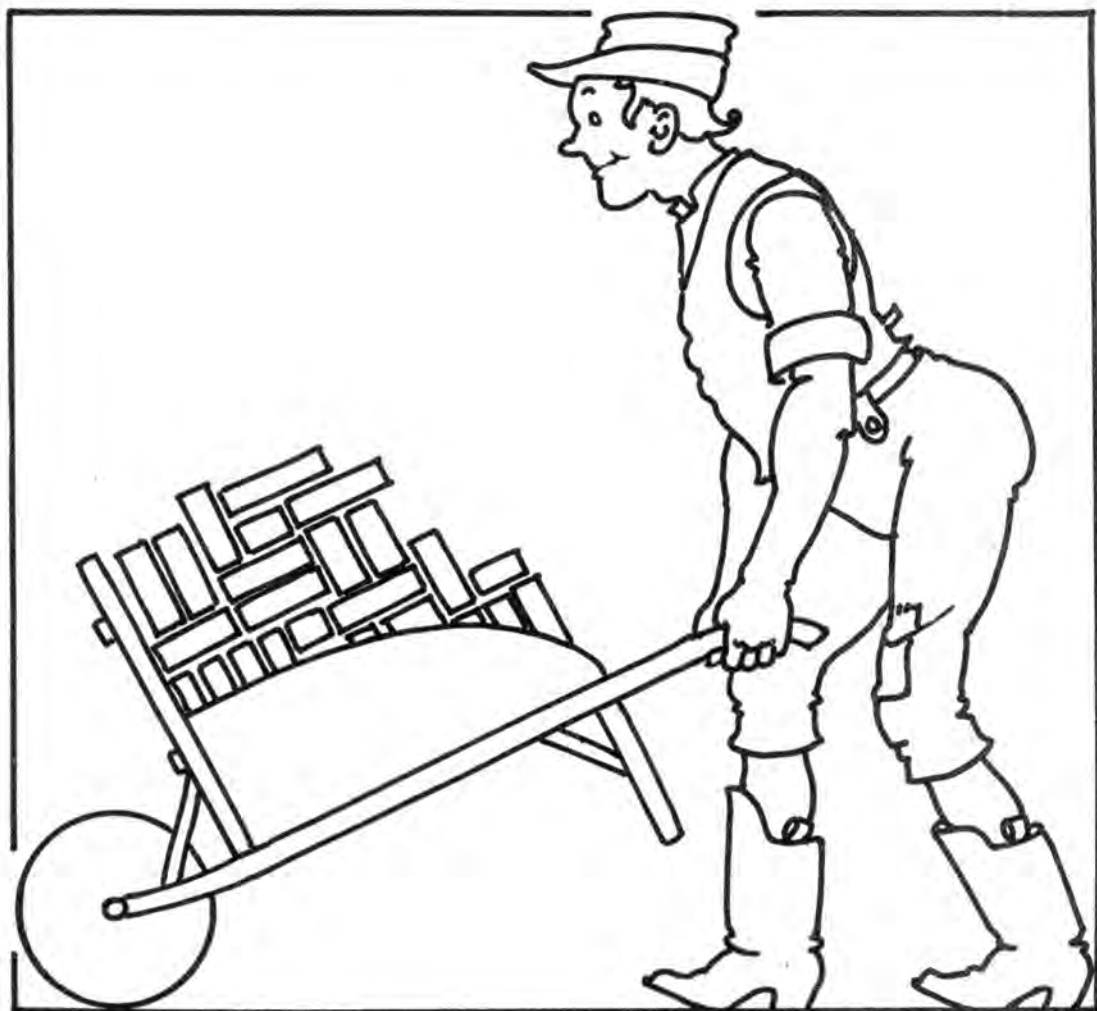
and he puffed,

and he huffed,

and he *puffed*,

and at last he *b-l-e-w* the house in—and

ate up that little pig.



The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks. The little pig said to him: "Please, man, give me those bricks to build me a house."

This the man did, and soon the little pig had built a house with them.

Just after the house was built, along came the wolf. He knocked at the little pig's door and said:

“Little pig, little pig,
Let me come in!”

But the little pig answered:

“No! No!

Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!”

Then the wolf said:

“I'll huff,
And I'll puff,
And I'll *blow* your house in!”

But the little pig wouldn't let him in.

So he huffed,

and he puffed,

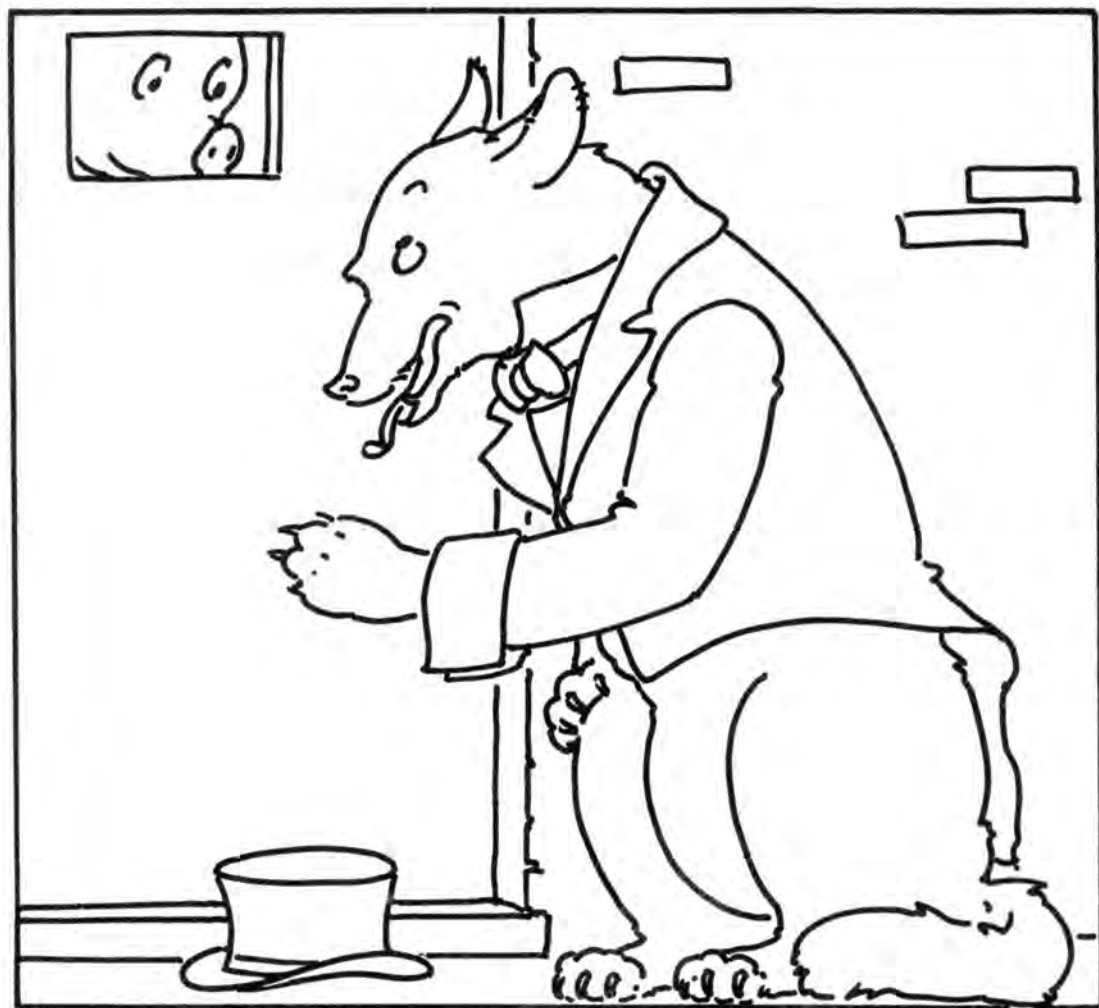
and he huffed,

and he puffed,

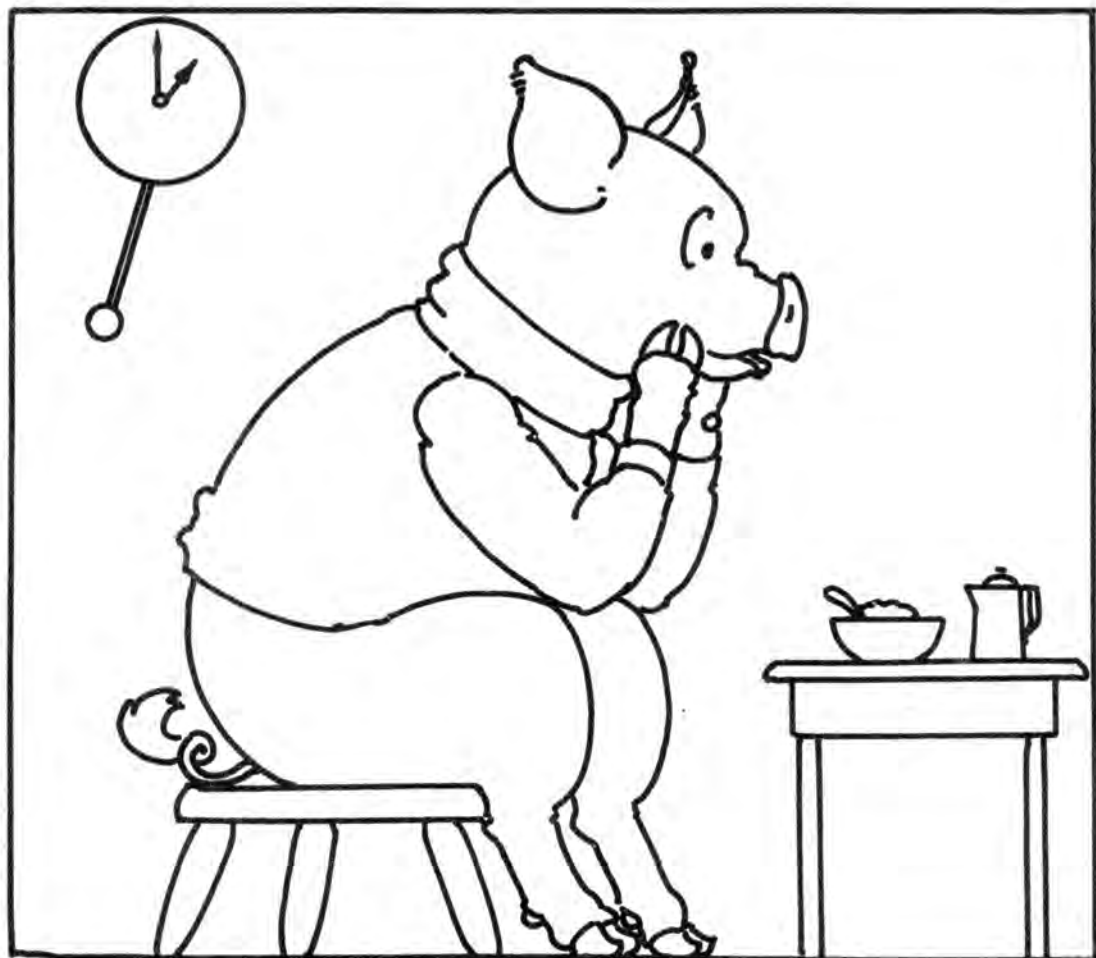
and he huffed,

and he puffed,

but he *couldn't* blow this little pig's house in!

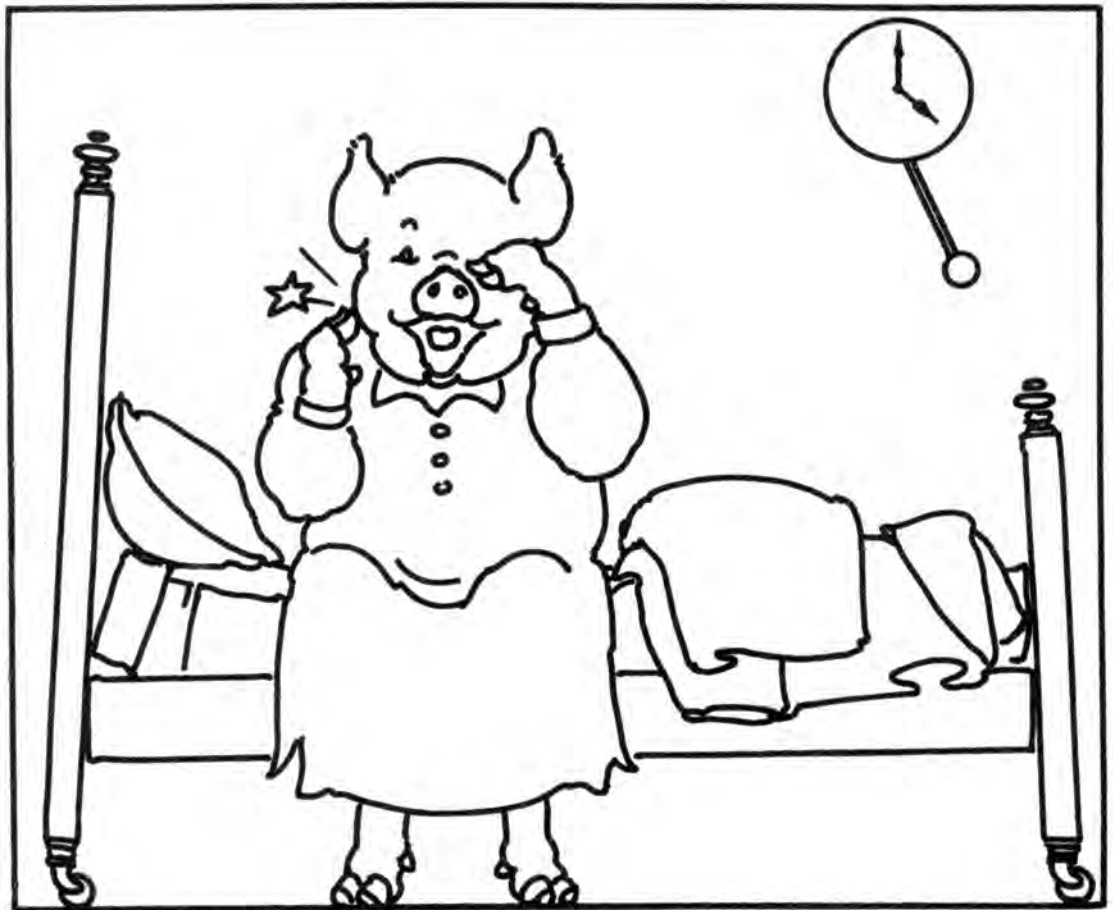


When he found that with all his huffing and puffing he could not get this little pig's house down, he said: "Little pig, I know where there is a field of fine turnips."



“Where?” eagerly asked the little pig.

“Over in Mr. Smith’s home-field. And if you will be ready tomorrow morning, I will call for you and we will go together and get some for our dinner.”



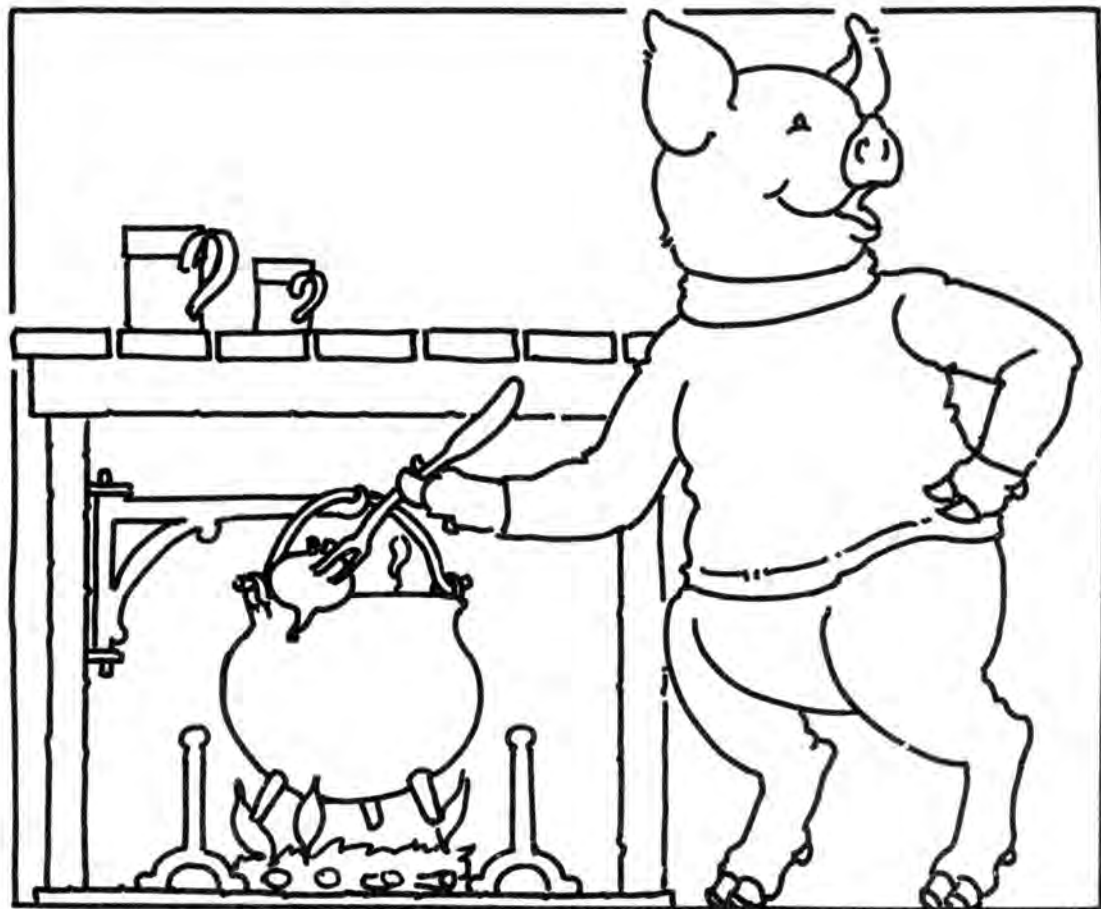
“Thank you,” replied the little pig. “I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?”

“Oh, six o’clock,” answered the wolf.

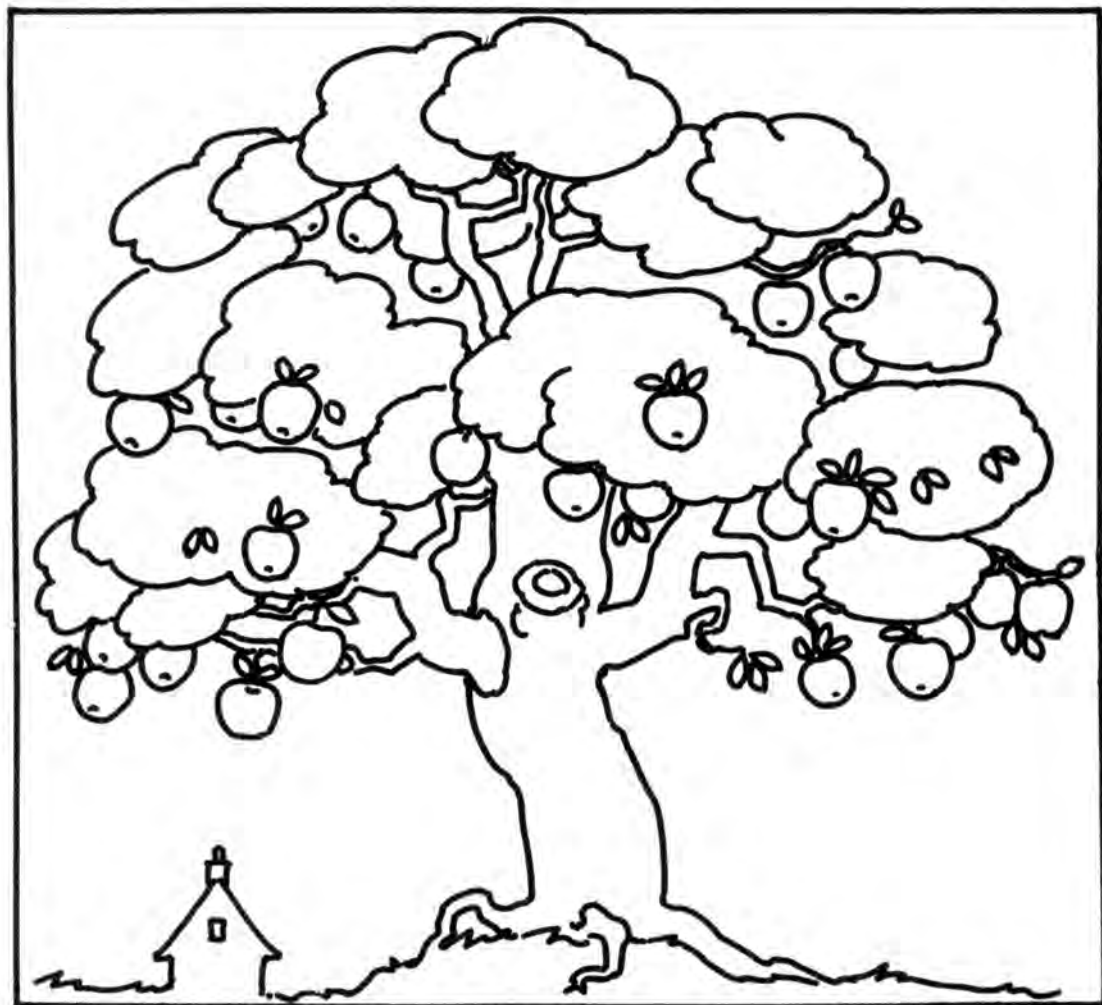
Now the little pig arose at five o’clock the next morning and

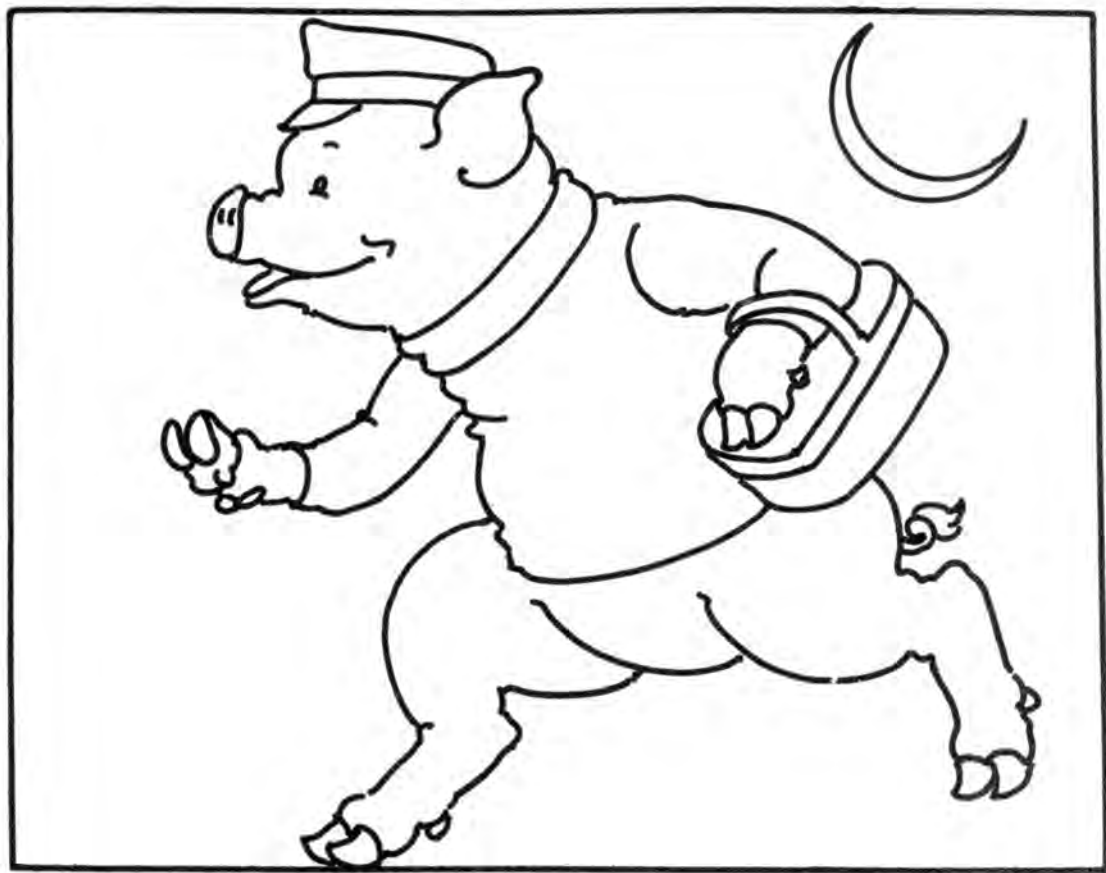
was back home with his turnips when about six o'clock the wolf came and said: "Little pig, are you ready?"

"Ready?" exclaimed the little pig. "Why, I have been and am back again, and I have a fine pot of turnips ready for my dinner!"



The wolf was very angry, but thinking he would be equal to the little pig, he said: "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."





“Where?” eagerly asked the little pig.

“Down at Merry Garden,” replied the wolf. “And if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o’clock tomorrow morning and we will go together and get some apples.”

Now the little pig bustled around the next morning at *four*

o'clock. He hoped to get home again before the wolf arrived, but this time he had to go farther, and besides he had to climb the tree to get the apples. Just as he was ready to jump down and hurry home, he spied the wolf coming. Yes, indeed, the little pig was badly frightened!

The wolf came up under the tree and said: "What, little pig! You here before me? Are they nice apples?"

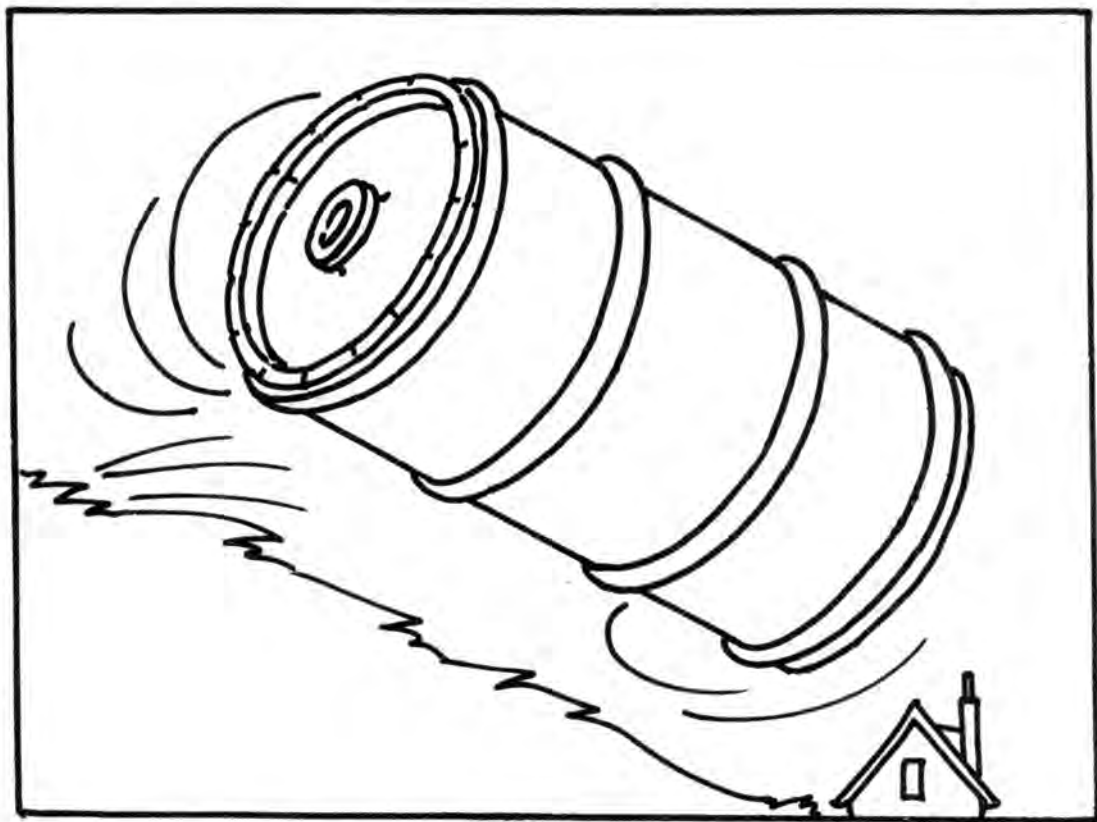
"Yes, very nice," answered the little pig. "Here, I will throw one down for you."

Now the little pig threw that apple so far that while the wolf was gone after it, he jumped to the ground and ran home.

The next day the wolf came to the little pig's house once more and said: "Little pig, there's a fair over at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go with me?"

"Oh, yes," replied the little pig. "What time shall I expect you?"

"At three," answered the wolf.



The little pig went off before three, just as usual, got to the fair, bought a butter churn and was going home with it when he spied the wolf coming.

This time the little pig *was* frightened. He could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide and in climbing in, it started to roll round and round. Down the hill it rolled, faster and faster, with the little pig in it. This frightened the wolf so

that he ran home, forgetting all about going to the fair at Shanklin.

The next day he went to the little pig's house and told him how frightened he had been by having a great round thing come rolling down the hill past him.

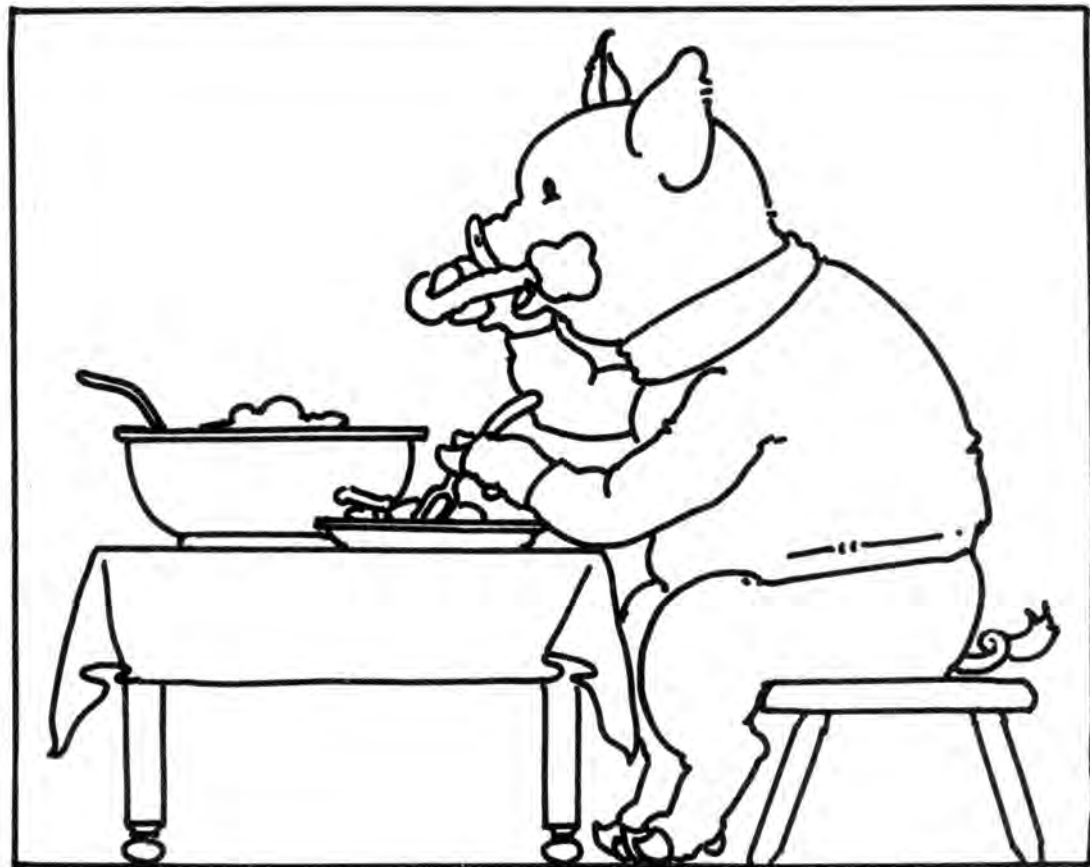
The little pig laughed and said: "Ha, ha! I frightened you that time! I had been to the fair and bought a butter churn and when I saw you coming, I climbed inside and rolled down the hill!"

Then the wolf was very angry indeed. He vowed he would eat up that little pig—that he would go down the chimney after him.

When the little pig saw what the wolf was about, he made a blazing fire, filled a big pot with water, and hung it over the fire. Then, just as the wolf was coming down the chimney, he lifted off the lid and in fell

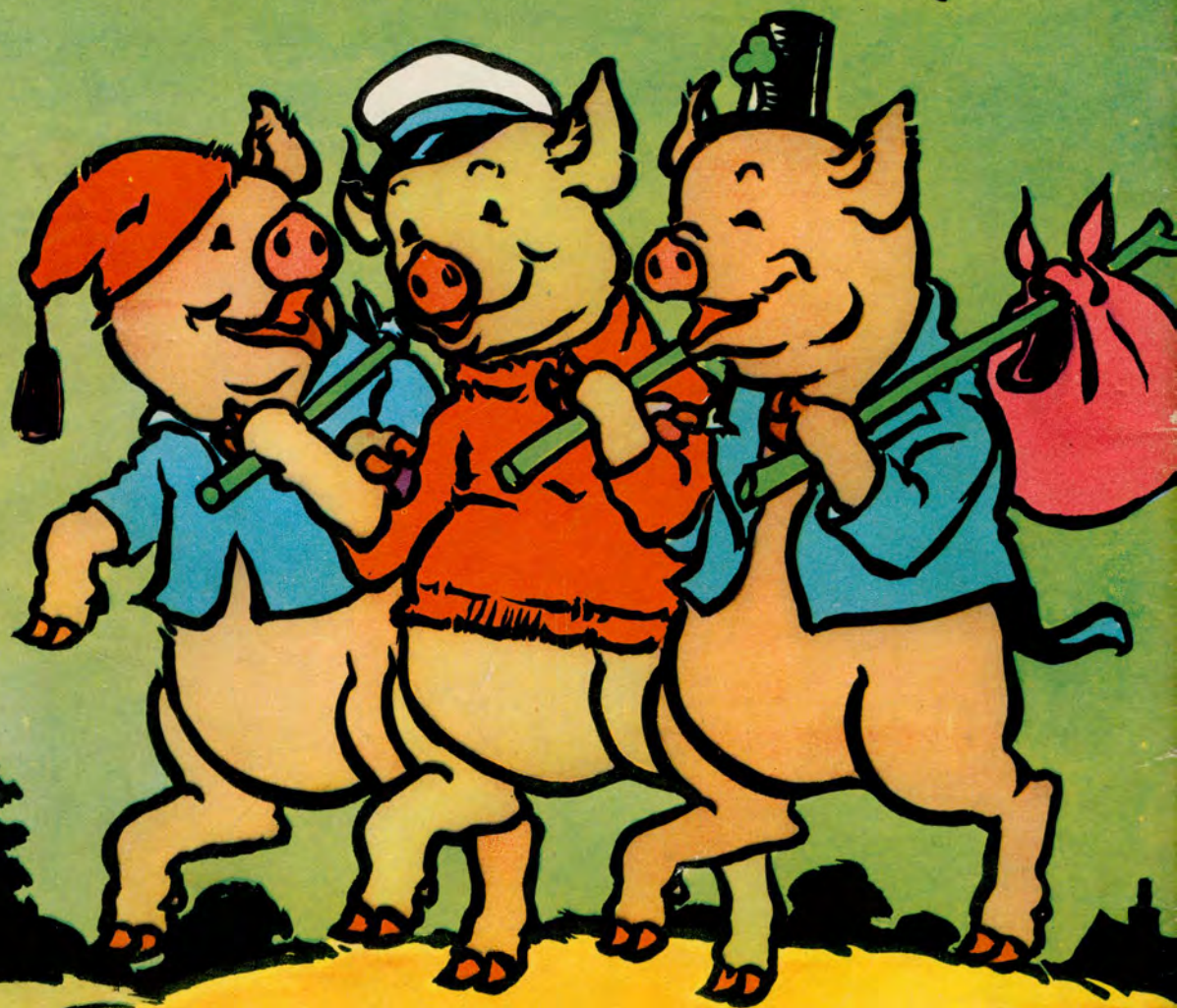
the wolf. The little pig quickly popped on the cover again, and had the wolf for supper.

And that is how it came about that this little pig lived happily ever after.



Color these illustrations when you have read the story.

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WALLY
WOOD